

Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME VI.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1871.

NUMBER 32.

W. H. HOWE & CO'S

Advertising Agency,

No. 104 OLIVE STREET,

St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. M. Saville,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

HAVING sold my interest in the Drug Store, I will

attend exclusively to the practice of medicine in

St. Louis, Mo.

ALBERT G. BAGLEY

First Manufacturer in America of

GOLD PENS.

Improved V-Sol Pens, warranted for two years.

324 Olive-st., Between Third and Fourth

St. Louis, Missouri

HAUCK & BRO.,

Excelsior Flouring Mills,

Corner Second and Franklin-sts.,

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

THE highest price in cash paid for all kinds of

QUONG YEE ON & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

TEA, SUGAR, RICE,

CHINESE PROVISIONS.

310 Dupont St., near Washington,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE GRAND OLD

Phoenix,

HARTFORD, CON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the excessive competition

in fire insurance and reduction in rates by

McCormick & Lyon,

ADVERTISING AGENTS,

225 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Having over twenty-five years' experience in the

business, and having a capital of over \$100,000

we are prepared to insert advertisements

of all kinds at the lowest rates. Orders sent to

our office in St. Louis, Mo.

CHICAGO

IRON WORKS,

F. LETZ & SON, Proprietors.

Office and Works, 54 to 52 S. Franklin St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Iron Fronts for Buildings,

WINDOW CAPS AND SILLS, ROLLING

SHUTTERS, ETC.

Bank Vaults and Doors, Jail Doors and

all kinds of iron work.

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EMPIRE

SEWING

MACHINE.

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FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Speak naught, more not, but listen! the sky is full

of signs, the night, no star in field or fold;

All gleams but naught do glister, save the far-off

stars of sea.

Forget days past, heartbroken, put all thy memory

on grief on the green hill-side, no pity in the sky;

Joy that may not be spoken lies in mind and flower

and ev'ry rock the still.

Look not, they will not heed thee; speak not, they

will not hear! Pray not, they have no bounty; curse not, they

may cover down, they will not heed thee long lived the

world shall be.

Hang down thy head and hearken, for the bright

light gleams on the twilight, but the summer heat

is far from thee to darkness, and the moon hath left

the sea.

Hope not to tell thy story in the rest of gray-eyed

men, in the dawn green grass and vain, for the thrush,

shades the gleam to the glory of the day-star mocking

the sea.

Be silent, words, and weary till this morn'g is past,

For the summer joy shall dawn, and the wind

And the drifting rain, and dreary, shall be kind to

heart and sea.

Thou shalt remember sorrow, thou shalt tell all thy

tale, When the rain fills up the valley, and the trees

shall be silent, and the sun shall set, and the sea

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I'll bring you a big red apple to-mor-

row and will slip it in your dinner bas-

ket so no one will see me. I'm a baker

how would I like to kiss you, but

one I found who would kiss me this

afternoon and I will answer if it takes the

last leaf out of my copy-book. Keep

eye on old Rockingham and rite to me

again.

White grass runs, and water grows

I love you to the end of my love

From Mr. James William Kreg to his

abigail Wood his true love.

When "old Rockingham" as the mas-

ter was called, had sent Jim and Aba-

gail to their seats, like ran to the win-

dow and looked out very anxiously.

"What are you looking at, Isaac?"

"They want me at the house; they

have been calling me this good while."

Gathering up his hat, like made for

home, or rather for the woods, where

he could "chaw tobacco," none daring

to molest or make him afraid.

A few days after this affair, while

"Old Rockingham" was alone, he

thought of the idea that he would

take a walk in the woods, and

all he wanted, and occasionally thrash-

ing a boy for putting chews of tobacco,

coal, ashes, and snow-balls in his over-

coat pockets, Henry Mack laid his book

away, slipped his hat under his coat,

and slipped out of the room. We all

supposed he was going rabbit-hunt-

ing, as there was a good tracking snow.

In a few minutes somebody whistled in

at a crack, and set the whole school

laughing. The teacher looked around

and saw who was out, but he was not

an empty seat. No one would tell on

Mack, so the teacher had to give it up.

Mack was determined to have some fun,

so he kept on whistling. Presently the

teacher noticed the sound, and he

thought of the idea that he would

take a walk in the woods, and

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